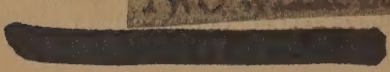
SAINT PAUL
Borrowed from
Saint Paul Public Library
PLEASE VISIT US AGAIN !
Saint Paul Public Library



BELLS
AN ANTHOLOGY

BY

MARY J. TABER

Author of *The Cathedrals of England*,
Just a Few Friends, etc.

328625

RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
BOSTON

Copyright, 1912, by Richard G. Badger

All Rights Reserved

PN
6110
B3T

A 634098

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

JUN 12

This book is dedicated to
DYXPRESS
Without whom it had never been

PN
6110
B3T

PREFACE

A Quaker, by name Benjamin Lay (who was a little cracked in the head, though sound at heart), took one of his compositions once to Benjamin Franklin that it might be printed and published. Franklin, having looked over the manuscript, observed that it was deficient in arrangement. "It is no matter," replied the author, "print any part thou pleasest first."

Many are the speeches and the sermons and the treatises and the poems and the volumes which are like Benjamin Lay's book; the head might serve for the tail, and the tail for the body, and the body for the head, either end for the middle, and the middle for either end, nay, if you could turn them inside out, like a polypus or a glove, they would be no worse for the operation.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, *The Doctor.*

CONTENTS

1. *The Bells* 9
2. *Bell Casting* 14
3. *Mottoes on Church Bells* . . . 21
4. *Bell Ringing* 30
5. *Bell Legends* 44
6. *Bell Quotations* 56
7. *Bell Notes* 61
8. *Talking Bells* 65
9. *Lost Bells* 75
10. *The Passing-Bell* 86
11. *Cursing Bells* 94
12. *Christmas and New Year Bells* . . 101
13. *Shakespeare's Bells* 109
14. *Memory's Bells* 120
15. *American Bells* 136
16. *The Moscow Bell* 153
17. *Rollicking Bells* 155
18. *The Bellman* 160
19. *The Angelus* 166
20. *The Curfew Bell* 168
21. *All Sorts of Bells* 178

BELLS: AN ANTHOLOGY

Chapter 1

THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

I

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells —
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight —
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune.
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
O from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit or never.
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
O the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells.
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Chapter II

BELL CASTING

SCHILLER'S "SONG OF THE BELL"

Edited by G. Ripley

See our massy mould of clay
  Strongly walled up in the ground;
We must cast the Bell to-day —
  Briskly, fellows, gather round!
    Let the sweat run now
    From the heated brow,
  If we mean our skill to prove;
  But the blessing's from above!

Heap the knotty pine wood higher!
  Let it be well dried before,
Till the inward darting fire
  Up the narrow passage roar!
    Melts the copper? In
    Quickly throw the tin;
  So the metal shall grow tough,
  And by rule run thick enough.

See the snowy bubbles float!
  Well — the melted masses run;
Sprinkle it with salt throughout;
  That will bring the crisis on.

Let the mixture clear
Of all foam appear;
That the pure, sonorous bell
Clear and full its tones may swell.

Old Foundry Stamps Used in Bell Casting

How the pipes begin to brown!
If it glasses quickly o'er,
When I plunge this ladle down,
Then it will be time to pour.

Comrades, briskly ho!
Try the mixture now,
If the soft and brittle join
For a sure and proper sign.

Well — we may begin to pour;—
Pointed hard the edges are
Where we break it. But before
Offer up a pious prayer.
Out the stopple stave!
God the building save!
Roaring, smoking through the pass,
Shoots the fiery, swelling mass.

To the earth now we've consigned it,
Safely lodged within the clay; —
Beautiful as we designed it,
Will it now our toil repay?
Should the cast go wrong?
Or burst the model strong?
Ah! perhaps, while we were working,
Mischief has been near us lurking.

Strike the scaffolding asunder
(It has done its duty well),
That the eyes and heart may wander
O'er the new-formed shining bell.
Swing the hammer, swing,

Till the timbers spring!
If the bell must hang on high,
Let the mould to atoms fly.

Happy issue God has given!
See! how like a golden star,
From its shell, all white and even,
Comes the metal-kernel fair!
Bright from crown to rim
Sunny glances beam;
And the arms, carved out so neatly,
Show the artist has wrought featly.

Draw near! draw near!
Companions all, a ring make here,
And while we christen it, give ear:—
Concordia shall the name appear.
Soon shall its full tones from the village steeple,
To church and brotherhood invite the people.

Seize the ropes now — pull away!
Swing the bell up from the ground;
Let it mount and have free play
In the elastic realm of sound.
Tighter, tighter draw!
See! it clears the floor;
Joy shall its first sound betoken!
Joy to all! and Peace unbroken.

The whole of civilized life is set to bell music in one shape or another and runs the entire gamut from the monster church bell weighing many tons to the jingling baubles on the child's rattle.

From 1550 to 1750 was the golden age of church bells. One of the ancient windows in York Minster is filled with stained glass representing bell casting and bell ringing, and has a border of a series of bells one above another, showing that bells were looked upon as both ecclesiastical and pictorial by ancient artists.

Church bells are generally made of an alloy of copper and tin. The usual proportion for large bells is four parts of copper to one of tin. It was formerly supposed that an admixture of silver improved the tone of the bell, but is now believed to injure it.

The measurements for a large bell should be one-fifth of the diameter in thickness and twelve times the thickness in height.

The decorations most often occurring on church bells are the cross and the fleur-de-lis, accompanied by a motto. The custom of baptizing bells is very ancient; before bells were hung they were washed, crossed, blessed, and named by the bishop, generally after some saint.

In tuning a bell a note is struck on a piano,

then the bell is struck with a hammer, and if the tone is too high a small piece is chipped off the edge of the bell. This process is repeated until the bell is brought to the required tone.

The largest bells in the world are: St. Paul's, 13,000 pounds; Antwerp, 16,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000 pounds; Rome, 18,000 pounds; Mechlin, 20,000 pounds; Bruges, 23,000 pounds; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30,000 pounds; Parliament, 31,000 pounds; Sens, 34,000 pounds; Vienna, 40,000 pounds; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 119,000 pounds; Moscow, 141,000 pounds; Moscow, 430,000 pounds.

Being blessed and hallowed by priests, bells were regarded with veneration by high and low, gentle and simple. Queens and gentlewomen often threw their gold and silver ornaments into the molten mass of metal that was to be cast into a bell, thinking to improve its sound. They did not resemble the Russian bell-founder, who exclaimed, "Sound! What do we care about the sound? We sell by the pound. Sound doesn't weigh anything." This man would have sympathized with King Henry VIII, who looked upon church bells merely as so much metal that could be melted down and sold. In the wholesale destruction of church property in his reign

countless bells disappeared. The Bishop of Bangor, who sold his cathedral bells became blind while they were being shipped, and Sir Miles Partridge, who won the Jesus Bells at St. Paul's from King Henry at a throw of dice, was soon afterwards hanged on Tower Hill, thus in popular estimation did punishment follow swiftly on the desecration.

MR. NOBODY sometimes appears as a device on ancient bells. He is a spirited figure, a head set on a pair of legs, with one wing.

Chapter III

MOTTOES ON CHURCH BELLS

Before the Reformation bells were all baptized and consecrated with elaborate religious ceremonies, and the mottoes in their casting were Latin invocations to saints. Since that time the invocations have ceased in England, and the inscriptions are in English.

There was a bell of very early date at the Abbey Church of Moissac in France, which was inscribed

Salve Regina misericordiae.

The bells of the Priory of Little Dunmow in Essex were baptized 1501:

Prima in honore Sancti Michaelis Archangeli.

Secunda in honore Sancti Johannis Evengeliste.

Tertia in honore Sancti Johannis Baptisti.

Quarta in honore Sancti Assumptionis Mariae.

Quinta in honore Sancti Trinitatis et omnium Sanctorum.

Bells of the parish church of Winnington, Bedfordshire, had

1st bell. Hoc signum Petri pulsatur nomine Christi.

2d bell. Nomen Magdalene campana sonat melode.

3d bell. Sit nomen Domini benedictum semper in cum

4th bell. Musa Raphaelis sonat auribus Immanuelis.

5th bell. Sum Rosa pulsata mundique Maria vocata.

This motto is often found on bells:

Funera plango, Fulgara frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, Dissipo ventos, Paco cruentos.

(Freely translated:)

Death's tale I tell, The winds dispel, Ill feeling quell,
The slothful shake, The storm clouds break, The Sabbath wake.

The earliest known *dated* bell is at Fribourg, bearing the year 1258, and the inscription, O Rex Gloriae, veni cum pace; me resonante pia populo succurre Maria.

The original bell from which Great Tom at Oxford was recast belonged to Osney Abbey, and bore this inscription:

In Thomae laude resono Bim Bom sine fraude.

Several bells have this motto:

Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum, defunctos ploro, pestum fugo, festa decoro.

I praise the true God, I summon the people.

I call together the clergy, I bewail the dead,
I put to flight the plague, I celebrate festivals.

A cross nearly always precedes these old mottoes:

† Sancte Paule ora pro nobis.
† Sancte Laurente ora pro nobis.
† Fili Dei Miserere mei.
† Jesu Nazarene, Rex Judaeorum, Fili Dei Misereri mei.
† Laus et Gloria Deo.
† Ecce Maria Virgo.
† Ave Maria.
† Sancte Maria ora pro nobis.
† Ego sum vox clamantis parate.
† Vox ego sum vitae.

A famous peal of bells once at Crowland Abbey were named Pega, Bega, Tatwin, Turketyl, Betelin, Bartholomew, and Guthlac.

Nec erat tunc lauta consonantia campanarum in tota Anglia. INGULPHUS.

These bells were destroyed by a great fire in the abbey in 1091.

The words "Sancta Trinitas ora pro nobis" would not knowingly be used by the votaries of any creed hitherto invented, and the founder who stamped them on his bell had undoubtedly mixed his copy.

After the English language was used, but before the invocation of saints was wholly abandoned, there was at St. Michael's church, Alnwick, a bell with this motto:

Archangel Michael come to the help of the people of God.

And at Sudeley Castle, 1573:

St. George pray for us. The Ladie Doratie Chandos, widdowe, made this.

In a chime of four bells each one is inscribed with a prayer:

Hail Mary full of grace, pray for us.
St. Peter pray for us.
St. Catherine pray for us.
Jesus of Nazareth have mercy upon us.

Then comes a period of rather superfluous loyalty to the monarch. At Bury, Sussex, for Queen Elizabeth, in 1599:

God save the queen!

On the accession of King James I, 1603, changed to:

God save the king!

Still another bell has:

Fear God and honour the king,
For obedience is a vertuous thing.

And several others:

For church and king we always ring.
God bless the queen and save the church.

I was made in hope to ring
At the crownacion of the king.

Ye people all that hear me ring
Be faithful to your God and king.

Fear God, honour the king.

Come let us ring for church and king.

God save the church,
Our Queen and Realme.

Come let us sing
Church and king.

Some of the seventeenth-century bells have these mottoes:

When I ring God's prayses sing.
When I toule Pray heart and soule.

O man be meeke and lyve in rest.

I sweetly tolling men do call
To taste the meate that feeds the soule.

Repent, I say, be not too late,
Thyself all times redy make.

Embrace true musick.

Crownéd Virgin, lead us to the blessed realms.

A bell which has been recast has this exordium: Reader, thou also shall know a resurrection; may it be to eternal life.

In Glasgow Cathedral the bell announces its position by:

Me audito, venias, doctrinam sanctam ut discas.

Four bells at Gravely, Cambridgeshire, are inscribed:

Treble God of his marcee heareth us all,
2 Whereupon that we do call.
3 O priese the Lord therefore I say.
Tenor I sound unto the living, when the soule doth part away.

Some bells have the letters of the alphabet in quaint old type around the rims instead of a motto.

Here is one where the bell and the words appear to have been run together:

Hethatwillpurchashonorsgaynemostancient lathersstillmayntayne.

When backward rung I tell of fire,
Think how the world shall thus expire.

At St. Helen's in Worcester is a set of bells which record Marlborough's victories.

If you would know when we was run,
It was in seventeen hundred one.

At Strasbourg the Thor or Gate Bell for the opening and shutting of the city gates is inscribed:

Dieses Thor Glocke das erste mal schallt,
Als man seize huudert acht-zehn zahlt
Das Bös hinaus, das Gut hinein,
Zu laüten soll iyr Arbeit seyn.

(This gate bell was first rung in 1618. Its work shall be to shut out the bad, and keep in the good.)

The celebrated bell Roland hangs in the ancient belfry of Ghent:

Mynem naem ist Rolant,
Als ich clippe dan ist brandt.
Als ich mynde dan ist Storm in Vlaenderland.

(My name is Roland, when I toll it is for fire, when I swing then it is stormy weather in Flanders.)

Then comes a period of self-laudation for the bells. Apparently these bells had never heard the proverb, "Self-praise goes but little ways."

Of all the bells in Benet, I am the best,
And yet for my casting the parish paid lest.

Let us all sound out,
I'll keep my place, no doubt.

My treble voice
Your hearts rejoice.

I mean to make it understood
That though I'm little, yet I'm good.

Pull on, brave boys, I'm *metal* to the backbone,
I'll be *hanged* before I'll crack.

I sound aloud from day to day,
My sound hath praise and well it may.

A better bell than I, cannot be found under the sky.

I am the first, although but small,
I will be heard above you all.

When I begin then all strike in.

When you me ring
I'll sweetly sing.

My sound is good, my shape is neat,
Somebody made me all compleat.

I ring to sermon with a lusty boom.

My sound is good, which that you hear,
Young Bilbie made me sound and clear.

I value not who doth me see,
For Thomas Bilbie casted me:
Although my voice it is but small
I will be heard among you all.

These Bilbies were great west country founders, and one of them committed suicide because he could not get Cullompton bells in tune.

Now we have a bell with a more realizing sense of its "true inwardness."

Mankind like us too oft are found
Possessed of naught but empty sound.

Sometimes the church magnates come in for a strain of laudation:

Squire Arundel the Great, my whole expense
did raise,
Nor shall our tongue abate to sing his praise.

All ye who hear my solemn sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound.

I am given to make a peal,
And sound the praise of Mary Neale.

Robert Forman collected the money for casting
this bell,
I'll surely do my part as well.

The great bell of Notre Dame in Paris was baptized by the name of Duke and Duchess of Angouleme in 1816.

Chapter IV

BELL RINGING

Bell ringing is the poetry of steeples.
Ben Jonson.

The science of bell ringing is called campanology, from campanile, a bell tower. The most beautiful campanile in the world is the Leaning Tower of Pisa. There are very few bell towers in England, where, rightly or wrongly, the bells are placed in the churches. The ringing is certainly not beneficial to the belfry, racking it most unmercifully. Indeed, in Salisbury Cathedral the bells cannot be rung at all on account of the oscillation of the steeple. The harm done by the long-continued ringing of peals is referred to by the poet Herbert, who writes:

"Lord, ringing changes, all our bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame;
They seem not now the same.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them, so that they may chime all in."

At Perth one of the Presbyterian rules for ringing reads: "Peals are to be rung at funerals according to the dignity of the deceased, on fewer or more bells; but we forbid them to be

sounded at too great length, nor again after even song, or early in the morning, as they do at Exeter, because sounding brass or tinkling cymbal profit souls not at all, and do much harm to men's ears, and to the bells."

The muffled peal which is rung in most cathedrals when a dignitary of the church dies, and which is produced by wrapping one side of each clapper in a thick pad so as to form an echo to the clear stroke of the other half, forms, it is considered, the most magnificent effect that can be produced by bells.

When a king dies the bells toll, "The king is dead!" An hour later they ring out merrily "Long live the king!"

At the news of Nelson's victory and death at Trafalgar the bells of Chester rang out a merry peal, alternated with one deep toll.

The Great Bell of St. Paul's is only rung at the death and funeral of a member of the Royal Family, the Bishop, the Dean, and the officiating Lord Mayor.

We all know, ever since we learned about permutation at school, that if there are six, eight, ten, or any number of distinct things, we may arrange them in an enormous number of different ways. The things in this case are bells of different tones, and according to the order in which they

are struck by clapper or hammer so many changes may be produced. Change ringing is an art invented in England and more practised there than anywhere else. In England there are sixteen churches, which have peals of twelve bells, fifty churches which have peals of ten bells, and numerous churches which have peals of three, five, or seven bells. The largest of these peals are at Bow Church London, at Exeter, and at York, each ten large bells. It is no small labor for men to pull the huge bells for several hours at a time, and the crack ringers are very proud of their achievements. A record is kept the same as of race horses, of whom it is said, with less truth than of the pullers, that they have borne off the bell. Twenty-four or twenty-eight changes per minute are frequently reached. In 1787 5,040 changes were rung in three hours and fifteen minutes. This number is called a peal, and is rung on seven bells, any less being merely "a touch." If the slightest mistake is made it is all of no account, it is a false peal, and the bells are said to be jangled.

On one occasion 6,876 changes were rung in four hours and fifteen minutes; 7,000 have been rung in four hours; 10,008 in six hours and forty-five minutes. The longest peal ever rung by the same men was 14,224 in eight hours and

forty-five minutes. Greatest of all, on April 7 and 8, 1761, 40,320 changes were rung in twenty-seven hours, fourteen men working in relief gangs on eight bells. There are people in the world who have the poor (?) taste to dislike these peals; one of their number thus expresses himself:

"Disturbers of the human race,
Your bells are always ringing.
We wish the ropes were round your necks,
And you upon them swinging."

There are queer names for these changes, such as Bob minor, double Bob minor, treble Bob, Bob major, double Bob major, treble Bob major, Bob royals, Grandsire Bob, Bob maximus, treble Bob maximus. Indeed, Bob appears to have it all his own way in this business, or art, or science, or whatever its votaries choose to call it.

It will be surprising if any non-professional person can comprehend these direetions. "Call two Bobs on 9.0.x; bring them round. Or if the practitioner pleases, he may call the tenth and eleventh to make ninth's place; the former will be a six before the course end comes up. Then a Bob, when the tenth and eleventh dodge together behind, completes it. In this course the bells will be only one course out of the tittums."

In case of any difficulty, behold the remedy!

"If out of course a single must be called, when the seventh goes down quick, to put them right. But if it happens that the fourth is before the fifth comes home, call when the seventh does her first whole term, and down quick with a double."

Robert Southey, in "The Doctor," has a chapter concerning Church Bells, in which this account of Bell Ringing occurs:

James Ogden was interred with honours at Ashton-under-Line in the year 1827. His remains were borne to the grave by the ringers of St. Michael's Tower in that town, with whom he had rung the tenor bell for more than fifty years and with whom he performed the unprecedented feat of ringing five thousand on that bell (which weighed twenty-eight cwt.) in his sixty-seventh year. After the funeral his old companions rang a dead peal for him of eight hundred and twenty-eight changes, that being the number of months of his life.

It would take ninety-one years to ring the changes upon twelve bells at the rate of two strokes a second; the changes upon fourteen could not be rung through at the same rate in less than sixteen thousand five hundred and seventy-five years, and upon four and twenty bells they would require more than one hundred and seventeen

thousand billions of years. Great are the mysteries of Bell Ringing!

Through Grandsires and Tripples with pleasure men range
Till calls the Bob, and brings on the last change.

Hatheridge Church, England, has these rules for its bell-ringers about the date of 1650:

You gentlemen that here wish to ring,
See that these laws you keep in everything;
Or else be sure you must without delay,
The penalty thereof to the ringers pay.
First when you do into the bellhouse come,
Look if the ringers have convenient room;
For if you be an hindrance unto them,
Fourpence you forfeit unto these gentlemen.
Next, if you do here intend to ring,
With hat or spur, do not touch a string;
For if you do, your forfeit is for that,
Just fourpence down to pay, or lose your hat.
If you a bell turn over, without delay,
Fourpence unto the ringers you must pay;
Or if you strike, miscall, or do abuse,
You must pay fourpence for the ringer's use.
For every oath here sworn, ere you go hence,
Unto the poor then you must pay twelve pence,
And if that you desire to be enrolled
A ringer here, these orders keep and hold.

But whoso doth these orders disobey,
Unto the stocks we will take him straightway;
There to remain until he is willing
To pay his forfeit, and the clerk a shilling.

The following is from the church of All Saints at Hastings:

This is a belfry that is free
For all those that civil be;
And if you please to chime or ring,
It is a very pleasant thing.
There is no musick play'd or sung,
Like unto bells, when they'r well rung;
Then ring your bells well if you can,
Silence is best for every man.
But if you ring in spur or hat,
Sixpence you pay, beware of that;
And if a bell you overthrow,
Pray pay a groat before you go.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE. 1571

JEAN INGELOW

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower.
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before.
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.

"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
  Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"
Men say it was a stolen tyde —
  The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
  The message that the bells let fall;
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea wall.
I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
  Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
  Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;

Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire it seemeth me
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee)
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene,
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
  Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
  And my sonne's wife Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
  And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
  And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

For evil news from Mablethorpe,
  Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
  They have not spared to wake the towne.
But while the West bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring the Brides of Enderby?

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
  Came riding downe with might and main
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin range again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall," he cried, " is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market place."
He shook as one that looks on death;
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells began to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, Ho, Enderby!
They rang the Brides of Enderby!

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast

Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
Then beaten foam flew round about —
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
  Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare
The waters laid thee at his doore,
  Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
  That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow alas!
  To manye more than myne and me;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth.

It is stated in a book of Catholic miracles that a band of robbers, having broken into a monastery, proceeded out of bravado to ring a peal of bells, when, through prayers offered up by the holy fathers, a miracle was wrought and the robbers were unable to leave their hold on the ropes. This state of affairs was depicted by Cruikshank as may be seen above.

Chapter V

BELL LEGENDS

THE LEGEND OF THE BELL OF ATRI

A certain king of Italy, who bore the name of Giovanni, placed in the public square of a little town built half way up a hillside, a great bell, hung from a roof with projecting eaves, and riding through the town with all his train, his trumpeters made proclamation both loud and long that any person considering himself wronged had only to ring that bell, and day or night the magistrate should give his case immediate attention and pronounce righteous judgment, binding on each and every inhabitant of the town.

Years passed on and many wrongs were righted by the ringing of the bell, until with long use the ends of the dangling rope became frayed and worn. A public-spirited individual with intent to mend it, braided some vines among the strands, leaving the ends hanging and swaying in the wind.

It happened that there lived in Atri a knight, who in his youth had kept great state, had hounds and horses, hunting and hawking, but, grown old, the miser's passion for hoarding took complete

possession of him. He sold his horses and hounds and hawks, rented his gardens and vineyards, and sat alone in his house ruminating how he could save expense. He had kept one favorite horse to ride on feast days, but he grudged the poor beast even his scanty provender, and made up his mind to turn him out to graze by the roadside. The old steed picked up a meager subsistence, but was more than half starved in the stony streets and lanes of the mountain hamlet.

One hot noon, when all the people were enjoying their siesta, they were suddenly awakened by peal after peal from the great bell. Surprised that anyone should choose that scorching hour to demand justice they all flocked to the bell square, where, under the shade of the projecting eaves, they beheld the knight's neglected horse making a meal of the hanging vines, and ringing the bell as he ate the leaves and pulled the rope.

His head and eyes were raised toward heaven and to the magistrate the dumb creature seemed to say, "Some one hath done me wrong!" The judge's heart was touched, and he sent for the knight and asked him for his defense. Sir Knight treated the whole affair as a joke, but when assured that it was a legal summons which had brought him there, he muttered that he should do as he pleased with his own.

The judge, who may be styled the true founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, gravely rendered his decision: "As the steed has served you in his youth, you shall care for him in his age, and furnish him with food and shelter."

The knight slunk away ashamed, and the people in festive procession conducted the horse home to his stable, leading him by the rope of vines.

The king heard the story and applauded, saying: "So shall my bell of Atri, that went into court and testified for the oppressed, be famous through the ages."

NOTE.— This story has been versified by Longfellow.

THE BELL OF ZANORA

W. R. ROSE

The ruddy sun was setting behind the Murchian hills.
The fields were warmed to splendor and golden flowed the rills.
Across the little valley where lay the Spanish town
The dying sun's last blessing, a glory, floated down.

Amid the fields the peasants led in the grazing
kine,
And faintly came a tinkling as trudged the peace-
ful line.
Upon the height the convent, a ruin old and gray,
Towered upward, and its shadow across the valley
lay.
Before that ancient ruin, prone on the scented
grass,
A boy of fifteen summers watched day's bright
glory pass;
The lad was there on duty and oft about him
scanned.
Zanora feared the coming of robber Gomez band;
Of Gomez, fierce and heartless, the terror of the
vale,
Whose name made women shudder and bravest
men grow pale.
Unto the town a rumor that Gomez fierce would
come
And sack the peaceful hamlet made stoutest
hearts all dumb.
The peasants cleaned their firelocks, the women
watched and prayed,
That the band of robber Gomez upon its path be
stayed.
Yet time wore on and scatheless stood the little
town.

But from its ancient convent a watcher still
looked down.
For clear from 'neath its portals each roadway
might be scanned,
And there from morn till night they watched for
Gomez' band.
The old bell of the convent within its tower still
hung,
Its rope with dangling curves seemed waiting to
be rung,
For if a sight of Gomez came to the watcher there,
He straight would let the old bell with warning
fill the air,
Unto the town a signal to rally fast and stand,
And ready for the onslaught beat back the robber
band.
This day was Rooe watcher until the sun hung low,
And then with watching wearied, he lay and gazed
below.
He watched the smoke that floated above his
mother's cot.
To him the grazing cattle seemed each a moving
dot.
Faint from the bustling village came murmurs
low and deep,
The bells far off did tinkle; the lad lay fast asleep.
Asleep he lay, but not for long — he woke; a
grimy hand,

Pressed his mouth! His wrists were bound!
Around him Gomez band,
They dragged him to the convent. Cried Gomez,
"Rope this fool!"
Then 'neath they placed him, kneeling upon a
stool.
Around his neck so slender the snaky bell rope's
fold
They fastened. Then cried Gomez, "That bell
won't soon be tolled!
Come on, lads, there's work below; this fool ain't
to be hung,
By the saints! yet hang he will before that bell is
rung."
The robbers laughed and vanished, and Rooe was
left alone
With one thought ever stinging — he must his
fault atone.
The rope his throat was galling, his corded wrists
were numb.
Poor Rooe's burning thoughts alone could freely
go and come.
The helpless souls — the bell above — the black
band creeping down,
Over his brow the drops rolled fast — he must
arouse the town.
That rope he well remembered his strength had
often tried,

And all his weight to move it he knew must be
applied.
He thought of home and mother, of Carmen,
sweet and fair,
Then with one sob of anguish, he sprang into the
air!

The robber band was creeping adown the steep
incline
With chieftain Gomez leading the dark exulting line.
"They're ours," the bandit chuckled, "it's time
to make the charge."
And then the robbers halted upon the hilltop's
marge.
Red Gomez drew his sabre, and then — What
was that sound?
Bom! Bom! The convent tocsin! It fairly
shook the ground.
Bom! Bom! Pale grew the robbers, yet Gomez
cried, "Advance!"
Too late, the town was rousing and lost the
bandit's chance.
Some scattering shots! The robbers fled over
the hilltop's crown.
Bom! tolled the bell yet fainter — saved was the
little town.
Straight upward strode the peasants, up to the
convent tower,

Before them sways a something — from which the
bravest cower;
Bom! clanged the bell yet fainter, and with the
passing toll
Its dying sob bore upward the hapless Rooe's soul.
They took him down with wailing and bitter
tears were shed,
For he who saved Zanora mute as its bell — was
dead.

During the three days of mourning before Easter the church bells in Catholic countries are silent. There is a myth that they have gone to Rome in search of the Pope's blessing. The children often gaze into the sky imagining they see in the clouds a vision of angels bringing home the bells, and also many bright-colored eggs for the little ones.

Once there was a wicked squire whose spirit came after his death, and sat upon the parish bell, so that all the ringers together could not move it.

It is said that St. Odoceus being thirsty paused at a fountain in Wales, where some women were washing butter and asked for a cup to drink from, "We have no other cup besides that we hold in our hands," said the mischievous girls. The saint took the offered butter and moulded it into the

154016

shape of a small bell and drank from it. It retained its form and appeared to those who saw it to be made of pure gold. It was reverently placed in the church at Landaff and many who touched it were healed of their diseases.

The Limerick Bells are connected with the story of an Italian who made those bells in his own country, and after working at them a long time sold them to a convent. With the proceeds of the sale he bought a little villa in the vicinity and hoped to hear the sound of his loved bells for many long years, but the convent was razed to the ground, and the bells were carried to Ireland. After many misfortunes the artist in his old age found his way to Limerick. As he sailed up the river Shannon he saw St. Mary's steeple, whence came the sound of his own bells. While listening to them with a placid smile upon his face he closed his eyes in death. The joy was too great for his feeble frame to endure.

Peter Gyldenstierne, after a successful campaign, wished to carry away some of the church bells from Sweden. He did not know how to get them out of the tower without injury, and none of the citizens would help him. At last a man appeared, saying: "Provide for my wife and children, and I will manage the matter." The

bargain was concluded, and a great mound of sand being piled under the bells, the ropes and chains were cut, and the bells fell softly into the sand uninjured. Then the man claimed his reward, but received this answer, "Yes, I will perform my promise to provide handsomely for your wife and children, but for yourself,— a traitor to your country — you shall hang in the tower in place of the bells."

Tradition recounts that a foraging party of mosstrooping Scots once sought far and near for a secluded priory, hoping to feast on the contents of the canon's larder. But not a sign or a track revealed its position, for it stood between wooded banks and was invisible at a distance. The enraged and hungry marauders had given up the search and were leaving in despair, when the monks, thinking the danger was past, rang their bell for thanksgiving prayers. The sound of the bell reached the ears of the retreating Scots and guided them to the priory. They pillaged it, then set it on fire.

It is said that on the night of the feast of Corpus Christi, 1429, while the monks were at prayer, the Belfry of Durham Cathedral was struck by lightning and set on fire; but though the flames raged all night and until the middle of

the next day the tower escaped serious damage and the bells were uninjured, an escape that was imputed to the special protection of the incorruptible body of St. Cuthbert, enshrined in the cathedral. In commemoration of the miracle, the choristers for more than four centuries have ascended the tower on the anniversary of that day and in their fluttering white robes have sung the Te Deum.

There is a tradition that Michael Scott was chosen to go upon an embassy to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge, black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. . . . As they arrived at Paris he tied his horse at the gate of the palace, entered and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy was not received with much respect, and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp

shook every steeple in Paris, and *caused all the bells to ring*. the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael with the most ample concessions than to stand the probable consequences."

SIR WALTER SCOTT,
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Chapter VI

BELL QUOTATIONS

"There shall be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord." Zechariah, xiv: 20.

How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet!

COWPER, *The Task.*

The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro,
Silver sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunders boom below.

E. D. PROCTOR.

Oh! welcome more than tongue can name
The dearest morn that greets our soil,
Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim,
Which shuts the busy world of toil.

CHARLES SWAIN.

Sundays observe; think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music.

GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,
Mov'd of themselves, with silver sound.

TENNYSON, *The Palace of Art.*

Death and Hymen both are here,
So up with the scythe and torch,
And to the old church porch,
While all the bells ring clear.

THOMAS LOWELL BEDDOES.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

COWPER.

(*Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.*)

Kazan looks down from the Volga wall,
Bright in the darkest weather;
And the Christian chime and the Moslem call
Sound from her together.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

One hundred and one times the mighty sound,
Such as when Vulcan forged the war god's shield,
Startled the Lemnian shepherd in his field,
Hath Christ Church giant bell swung out around,
And the night songster's voice melodious drowned.

J. B. NORTON.

In these far chimes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
A wizard of such dreadful fame,
That when in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!

SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The minster's bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
And noise and humming.

THACKERAY.

Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound.

POPE.

The Bow-bells being somewhat late for the closing of shops, the 'prentices made this rhyme:

Clarke of the Bow-bells, with the yellow locks.
For thy late ringing thou shalt have knocks.

The clerk replied:
Children of Cheape, hold you all still,
For you shall have the Bow-bells rung at your will.

Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow
And wits take lodging in the sound of Bow,
Sooner let air, earth, sea to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all.

POPE.

If the bell has any sides the clapper will find 'em.

BEN JONSON.

Die Glocken sind die Artillerie des Geistlichkeit.
(Bells are the artillery of the Priesthood.)

JOSEPH II.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell."
Cried the fair youth with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

"To-day the ill omen'd chase forbear,
Yon bell summons to the fane;
To-day the warning spirit hear.
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The sable Hunter hoarse replies:
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

(*Extract from Scott's translation of The Wild Huntsman.*)

Turkey contains no bells.

BYRON, *Don Juan.*

Probably out of opposition to Christians, Mahometans consider bells profane.

Chapter VII

BELL NOTES

Bells were rung in churches about 900 by order of Pope John IX as a defence against lightning.

The army of Clothair II was frightened from the siege of Sens by the ringing of the bells of St. Stephen's.

The modern word "bell" is derived from the old Saxon word "bellan," meaning to bawl or bellow.

England is called the ringing island.

Belgium is called the classic land of bells.

No bells were allowed to the Christians so long as they were a proscribed sect; but they early made use of rattles.

As a proof that "the Chinese know all that we do, and all that they themselves know besides," it may be noted that their bells are never cracked, for the simple reason that they are cast with a hole at the top, covered by a slot. The enormous Pekin bell has such a hole and is the largest hung-bell on the planet earth.

Chimes and carillons are an invention of the Netherlands.

In a clear day one hundred and twenty-six steeples may be seen from the tower of Notre Dame at Antwerp, and this steeple can be seen one hundred and fifty miles at sea.

The chimes of Bruges are the finest in the world.

The monument of Porsenna was decorated with pinnacles, each surmounted by bells.

The responses of the Dodonean oracle were in part conveyed by bells.

The great Peter bell of Exeter is the oldest bell in England.

The term cockney applies strictly only to persons born within sound of Bow Bells.

St. Dunstan cast two of the bells of Abingdon Abbey with his own hands.

"The Bells" is the title of a play brought into notice by the acting of Henry Irving. The story

runs that Mathis, a miller in a small German town, is visited on Christmas Eve by a Polish Jew, who comes through the snow in a sleigh. After rest and refreshment he leaves for Nantzig, four leagues off. Mathis follows him, kills him with an axe, and burns the body in a lime kiln. He then pays his debts with the money stolen from the Jew, becomes a prosperous and respected man and is made burgomaster. On the wedding night of his only child Annette, he dies of apoplexy of which he has had ample warning for a long time, by the constant sound of those Jewish sleigh bells in his ears.

Above the dial of the old clock of St. Dunstan's church were two wooden figures of savages as large as life and each striking with a club the quarter hours upon a bell, at the same time nodding his head.

When labor, when dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan stand.

COWPER.

The great porcelain tower at Nankin, China, was three hundred feet in heighth. Iron chains sustained seventy-two brass bells. Eighty porcelain bells hung under the eaves of the roofs of the nine stories, which were also ornamented

with one hundred and twenty-eight lamps. The bells rang all the time with a melodious chime and the whole town was ablaze with a great mass of color. This superb building was destroyed in 1853.

The cup given in modern times as a prize in various races and trials of skill is only the bell inverted and used as a drinking vessel.

The rose and the pomegranate, Tudor badges, are often seen on bells.

Benjamin Franklin was solicited by his namesake, the town of Franklin in Massachusetts, for the gift of a bell, but he presented books instead, "Sense being preferable to sound."

Chapter VIII

TALKING BELLS

The Legend of Sir Richard Whittington and The Bow Bells

Bell voices have often sounded like spoken words in listening ears, and the old legend of Dick Whittington is a well-known instance. This ancient nursery tale possesses a peculiar fascination for some children who never tire of its repetition. For them "custom cannot stale" the delight of hearing Bow Bells reiterate:

"Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London."

With a few this fascination lasts even down to old age, the fancy impressed on their minds in childhood is indelible, and in misfortune the bags of gold still glitter before their eyes as something that may yet come to them. To such as these every part of the tale presents a vivid reality.

They see the poor, lonely orphan boy taking his courage in both hands, and trudging up to London, where he has been told the streets are paved with gold. A carter allows him to walk beside the loaded wagon on its plodding way, so that he may not miss the road, and Dick, with the helpfulness and gratitude that is to carve out

Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London

his fortune, rubs down the horses at night, and is given a supper by the carter. Arrived in London the carter gives him a small coin and they part company. Dick finds the streets are not paved

with gold, but with very hard and flinty stone, and the hearts of the passersby are as hard and flinty as the pavements. No one will give him money, food, or work. After three days he is so reduced by fatigue and hunger that he falls on the doorsteps of a great house. The cook threatens to scald him with boiling water if he does not go away. He rises but falls again from weakness. At that opportune moment his good genius makes his appearance in the shape of Mr. Fitzwarren, the owner of the house. He orders the cook to give him food and work, which she does most grudgingly. Then Miss Alice sees him and says he is to be washed and clothed, and made respectable, if he is to remain about their house. She assigns him a bed in a garret, but does not know that the place swarms with rats and mice, which run over his bed and prevent him from sleeping, nor does she know that the cross cook maltreats him. He does not complain, but seeks every opportunity to make himself useful. One day, for blacking a gentleman's boots, he is given a penny, and resolves to make a good use of it! Seeing a woman who has a cat for sale, he buys it with the penny, and keeps it in seclusion in his garret, for fear the cross cook will kill it. His room is soon freed from rats and mice, while he grows very fond of his one friend and companion,

shut away together as they are at night in the lonely attic.

Soon the good merchant is sending forth a ship, and it is his benevolent custom to allow every person in his employ to send out some venture of his own to gain what there may be of profit on the sale. Miss Alice offers to supply something for Dick to send, but her father says it must be something of his own. Dick replies he has nothing but a cat he bought for a penny earned by blacking a gentleman's boots. "Send that," says his master. Dick's heart aches and tears are in his eyes, but he obeys. The cat has a parting hug and is consigned to the captain's care as part of the cargo. The ship sails on her voyage, his little friend is gone, and the persecutions increase. At last the cook strikes him on the head with a gridiron; faint and bleeding he resolves to leave London and go back to his birthplace. Setting forth very early in the morning and being clear of the streets though not out of the sound of the church bells, he sits down by the wayside to rest. While sitting there he hears most distinctly rung out on the clear morning air:

"Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!
Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!"

He cannot believe his ears, but he listens intently, and again and again Bow Bells peal out:

"Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!"

Dick says to himself, "It will be a fine thing to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in the splendid coach," never for a moment doubting that the bell knows what it is talking about, and, of course, a baptized and consecrated church bell would not tell a lie. With prompt obedience he returns to Mr. Fitzwarren's house and is at his work before he is missed. His thoughts are often with his beloved cat, and whether or not she is thinking of him she is earning a great fortune for him.

The ship lands among the Moors of Barbary, and the captain exhibits his finest goods to the king and queen while they are at supper, and is astonished to see the royal table overrun with rats and mice which devour the food and cannot be driven away. He remembers Dick's cat, and tells the king he has an animal on his ship that would dispose of that nuisance in short order. The cat is sent for and does such tremendous execution that the delighted monarch fills the bag in which she was brought ashore to the very top with gold and diamonds, and the honest captain brings it all home to Dick. As-

tonished Dick offers it all to his master, who refuses to accept any of it; then he gives to every one, the captain, the sailors, his fellow servants, even the horrid cook has a share. He lives with his master, falls in love with Miss Alice, and she with him, for by this time he has grown a handsome young man. They are married, he is taken into partnership with Mr. Fitzwarren, grows richer and richer, is not only three times but four times Lord Mayor of London, and is knighted by the king as Sir Richard Whittington, and so ends the pretty story.

Modern iconoclasts deny the poverty, the bells, and the cat, but as Mayor Whittington is represented with a cat in his hand in his portrait painted in 1536, and as his statue erected to his memory by the city had a cat by its side, we will continue to believe it all. At any rate, it is historical that his charities were as wise as they were generous, and his hospitality magnificent. He once gave a banquet to King Henry Fifth and Queen Katherine, where all the fires burned perfumed wood, and when the queen spoke of it, he said he had still more costly fuel which he would use. He then threw into the flames the king's bonds of indebtedness to him for seven million dollars. The astonished king exclaimed: "Never had king such subject!" and Whittington responded,

"Never had subject such king!"
"Newgate he builded faire
For prisoners to live in;
Christ's church he did repaire
Christian love for to win.
Many more such like deedes
Were done by Whittington
Which joy and comfort breedes,
To such as look thereon."

Robert Southey, in his famous book, "The Doctor," has the following story.

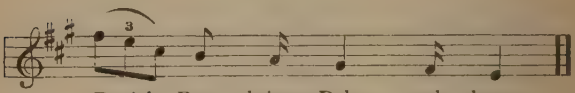
"That bells can convey articulate sounds to those who have the gift of interpreting their language, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London Town, knew by fortunate experience; so did a certain Father Confessor in the Netherlands, whom a buxom widow consulted upon the perilous question whether she should marry a second husband, or continue in widowed blessedness, The prudent priest deemed it too delicate a point for him to decide, so he directed her to attend to the bells of her church when next they chimed and bring him word what she thought they said. . . . The first time the bells struck up she listened with mouth and ears, and the more she listened the more plainly they said, "Nempt een man, Nempt een man." (Take a spouse, take a

spouse.) "Aye, daughter," said the confessor, when she returned to him with her report, "if the bells said so, so say I, and not I alone, but the apostle also hath told us when it is best for us to marry."

Then Southey asks:

What said the Bells of Doncaster to our dear doctor on that happy morning which made him a whole man by uniting to him the rib which he had till then wanted?

They said to him as distinctly as they spoke to Whittington and the Flemish widow:



Not only Robert Southey but Charles Dickens realized that "this tongue had language," as you will see in his Christmas Chimes, where Tobias says:

"How often have I heard them bells say
'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby. Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby.' A million times? More! When things are very bad, almost at the worst, then it's
'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby, Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby!'"

To Panurge in Rabelais the bells said:
"Marry, marry, marry."

But perhaps no eager listener has ever heard the bells communicate so much invaluable information as Mother Goose. From that inexhaustible mine of wisdom let us cull a few nuggets:

Kettles and Pans
Say the Bells of St. Anne's.

Poker and Tongs
Say the Bells of St. John's.

Bull's eyes and targets
Say the Bells of St. Marg'rets.

Brickbats and Tiles
Say the Bells of St. Giles.

Pancakes and Fritters
Say the Bells of St. Peter's.

Oranges and Lemons
Say the Bells of St. Clement's.

Half pence and farthings
Say the Bells of St. Martin's.

You owe me ten shillings
Say the Bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the Bells of Old Bailey.

I am sure I don't know
Says the great Bell of Bow.

When I grow rich
Say the Bells of Shoreditch.

Old Father Baldpate
Say the slow Bells of Aldgate.

Chapter IX

LOST BELLS

The ancient bell believed to have belonged to St. Fillan, and to have been frequently used by him to restore the insane to perfect sanity, continued till the beginning of the nineteenth century to lie loose on a gravestone in the churchyard ready to be employed in the good work. It was believed that it was useless to carry it away because by some mysterious means it was always brought back and placed where St. Fillan last laid it down. A doubting traveler, probably a Yankee, put the miracle to the test, carried away the bell, and it has been no more heard of.

There are forests in Switzerland and Germany where bells are heard to ring which can never be traced to any abiding place, and are fabled to belong to lost cities. In Nottinghamshire, England, there is a valley said to have been caused by an earthquake, which swallowed up a whole village, together with the church. Formerly it was a custom for the people to assemble in this valley on Christmas Day to listen to the ringing of the bells beneath them. This it was positively

asserted might be heard by putting the ear to the ground:

Oft in the forest far, one hears
A passing sound of distant bells;
Nor legends old, nor human wit,
Can tell us whence the music swells.
From the lost church 'tis that soft, though
Faint ringing cometh on the wind;
Once many pilgrims trod the path,
But no one now the way can find.

UHLAND.

In several places bells which have gone down in foundered ships are supposed to ring under the waves. Whenever these sounds are heard sailors refuse to leave port as the tolling foretells a storm.

THE SUNKEN CITY

WILHELM MÜLLER

Translation of J. C. Mangan

Hark the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave —
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam at sunset through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who has seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night hides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round

So the bells of memory's wonder city
Peal for me their old melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty.
Sad and pleasant from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams —
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
Glory gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirit's luminous land!

THE BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE

The Bell Rock or Inchcape Rock lies about twenty-four miles east of Dundee Harbor. It was from a very remote period the scene of numerous shipwrecks. The top of the rock being visible at low water, one of the abbots of Aberbrothock attached to it a framework and bell which was

rung by the action of the waves. A Pirate called "Ralph the Rover" is said to have cut the bell from the frame "to plague the abbot," as described in the following ballad.

In 1799 seventy vessels were wrecked there in a terrific storm. As a consequence of this calamity the present lighthouse was erected. The rock being bare only during short daily intervals the work was very difficult. The height of the pillar is one hundred and fifteen feet, and the whole is very solidly built. The primitive contrivance of the bell has not been forgotten, and in stormy or foggy weather the machinery which causes the reflectors to revolve is made to ring two large bells, each weighing twelve cwt.

THE BELL ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waters flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The seabirds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the sea for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."

"Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The devil below was ringing his knell.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAUX

HAWKER

The church at Bocastle (formerly Bottreaux), in Cornwall has no bells, while the neighboring town of Tintagel contains a fine peal of six; it is said a peal for Bocastle was once cast on the continent and sunk within sight of the church.

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side,
He hears that sound, and dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith the pealing chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill,
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time
Rings out Tintagel chime;
"Come to thy God at last,"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea;
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux Bells on board,
"Come to thy God in time."
Rang out Tintagel chime,
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful spells.

"Thank God," with reverent brow he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time."
It was his marriage chime,
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steerman's hand."
The captain's voice above the gale,
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time,"
Sad grew the boding chime,
"Come to thy God at last."
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Up rose that sea, as if it heard
The Mighty Master's signal word.
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Swung deep the funeral chime,
"Grace, mercy, kindness past.
Come to thy God at last."

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,
That fearful judgment of the deep.

"Come to thy God in time,"
He read his native chime,
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

Still when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith the ocean chime;
"Storm, whirlwind, billow past,
Come to thy God at last."

Chapter X

THE PASSING-BELL

The passing-bell was originally tolled in order that whoever heard the bell should pray for the soul that was departing; also, the bells were supposed to scare away the fiends who might molest departing spirits. This bell was also called the soul-bell and the death-bell. In modern times it has lost this meaning and the tolling of a bell is merely to give notice of a death or burial.

When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the furies in a shole
Come to fight a parting soule,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

HERRICK, *Litanie to the Holy Spirit.*

All my spirits
As if they heard my passing-bell go for me,
Pull in their powers and give me up to destiny.

FLETCHER, *Sea Voyage.*

O lady, 'tis dark, an' I heard the dead-bell,
An' I darna gae yonder for gowd nor fee.

JAMES HOGG, *Mountain Bard.*

Is it not strange that as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a deathpeal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll

For some departing sister's soul?
Say what may this portend?
Then first the Palmer silence broke
(The livelong day he had not spoke),
"The death of a dear friend."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Marmion.*

Each Matin bell the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.

COLERIDGE, *Christabel.*

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
To the muffled drums, deep rolling,
While the minute gun, with its solemn roar
Drowned the death bells' tolling.

HORACE SMITH, *On the death of George the Third.*

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

TENNYSON, *Crossing the Bar.*

When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung.

JAMES HOGG, *Kilmeny.*

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls —
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary hear!

HENRY HART MILMAN, *Hymn.*

This portrait depicts Old Scarlett, the sexton of Peterborough Cathedral, after tolling the passing bell. He is now ready to dig the grave of the dying parishioner. He lived to be ninety-eight years old and his epitaph states:

"He had intered two queens within this place
And the townes householders in his life's space
Twice over——"

Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright;
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.
Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain;
He turned to sleep and he dreamt again;
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that opened the door.

SOUTHEY, *Bishop Bruno.*

At midnight the sexton of St. Sepulchre's rang a hand bell at the window of the condemned cell, to warn the prisoners that their passing-bell would ring on the morrow:

"All you that in the condemned hole do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear;
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent;
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls."

The saddest use that has ever been made of the passing-bell was on St. Bartholomew's day, the 24th of August, 1572, when in the small hours of that Sunday morning the bells of St. Germain L'Auxerrois at Paris ushered in the

massacre of the Huguenots in France, to the number of one hundred thousand men, women, and children. The signal for the tolling of the bells backward was given by the firing of a pistol by King Charles IX, under the influence of his wicked mother Catherine de Medici.

From a poem at the death of Charles Dickens:

Toll not the Abbey Bell to-day
Above his cloistered bed,
For still as in the faded years,
In all our smiles, in all our tears
Of love, he lives, he lives for aye,
Whom we call dead.

There is a custom in Lincolnshire, England, of ringing a passing-bell just before midnight on New Year's Eve and immediately changing it to a merry peal when twelve has struck.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
Cheerful and frank and free;
But he led a sad life with Rebecca, his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
Till patience availed no longer;
Then Richard Penlake his crab stick would take,
And show her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca, his wife, had often wished
To sit in St. Michael's chair;
For she should be mistress then,
If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick;
They thought he would have died;
Rebecca, his wife, made a vow for his life,
As she knelt by his bedside.

"Now hear my prayer, St. Michael! and spare
My husband's life." quoth she;
And to thine altar we will go,
Six marks to give to thee."

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
For woundily sick was he;
"Save me, St. Michael! and we will go,
Six marks to give to thee."

When Richard grew well, Rebecca, his wife,
Teased him by night and by day;
"O mine own dear! for you I fear,
If we the vow delay."

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca, his wife,
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer;
She left him to pray and stole away
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round and round and round;
'Twas a giddy sight to stand atop,
And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers for rocking
The tower!" Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode with a long stride.

"A blessing on St. Michael's chair!"
She said, as she sat down;
Merrily, merrily rang the bells,
And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought,
That his good wife was dead;
"Now shall we toll for her poor soul
The great church bell?" they said.

"Toll at her burying," quoth Richard Penlake,
"Toll at her burying," quoth he;
"But don't disturb the ringers now,
In compliment to me."

Chapter XI

CURSING BELLS

Among Horace Walpole's collection of curiosities at Strawberry Hill there was an article of great elegance, viz., a silver bell, which had been formed by Benvenuto Cellini for Pope Clement VII, with a rich display of carvings on the exterior, representing serpents, flies, grasshoppers, and other insects, the purpose of the bell having been to serve in a papal cursing of these animals when they, on occasion, became so troublesome as to demand that mode of castigation. It might have been a boon during the plagues in Egypt.

Bell, Book, and Candle was the name given to the ancient form of excommunication practised

in the Catholic Church. Its origin is ascribed to the eighth century. After reading the formula of excommunication the Bell is rung, the Book is closed, and the Candle extinguished to signify that the excommunicated person is excluded from the society of the faithful, from divine worship, and from participation in the sacraments. The following are the closing words:

"Cursed be they from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. Out be they taken from the Book of Life, and as this candle is cast from the sight of men, so be their souls cut off from the sight of God, into the deepest pit of hell. Amen."

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

Canon of St. Paul's, Ingoldsby Legends

RICHARD BARHAM

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out through the motley rout
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there, like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, he perched on the chair,
Where in state the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little singing boys,— dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through.
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender water and eau de cologne;

And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more, a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a cardinal's hat mark'd in permanent ink.
The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white;
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
And not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-color'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,— they turn up the plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs, — they examine the mugs;
But no! no such thing — they can't find the ring!

And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody
twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigg'd
it!"
The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil and wake in fright:
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying;
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn;
When the sacristan said, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw,
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;
His pinions droop'd — he could hardly stand,

His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "*That's him!*
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower he limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw midst the sticks and the straw
Was the ring in the nest of that little Jackdaw!
Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
When those words were heard that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,

No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remark'd as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When as words were too faint, his merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a saint!
And on newly made saints and popes, as you know,
It's the custom at Rome new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

Chapter XII

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR BELLS

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
  Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
  With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
  And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
  With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
  By the laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
  To the bells across the snow!

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
  'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
  With the carol and the song!
If we could hear them singing,
  As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
  Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,

No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight,
To the bells across the snow.

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas!
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight,
To the bells across the snow.

FROM IN MEMORIAM

ALFRED TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

The Old Year sat beside the hearth
  In thoughtful mood; the hour was late;
And ere he vanished from the earth,
  The past he fain would contemplate.
"I brought a wealth of joy for those
  Who had o'erburdened been with grief,"
He said, "And for unnumbered woes
  Furnished the cordial of relief.

"To some I gave a garden's bloom,
  Sweet pansies and forget-me-nots;
To some the cypress and the tomb,
  The barrenness of desert spots.
With love I tarried for awhile,
  Breathing the sweet Elysian air;
And bidding Hope serenely smile
  Across the threshold of Despair.

"I entered on my natal hour
  Burdened alike with bliss and bane,
Commissioned by my Lord to dower
  Some hearts with ease, and some with pain
Where happiness had rich increase,
  I shall be honored long I know;

But those I robbed of joy and peace —
  They will be glad to have me go!

"I've followed many a bridal train;
  Have watched by many a lonely bier;
With birth and death, with loss and gain,
  Made up the record of the year.
And now beside December's gate
  Where hangs the year's alarum bell,
I pause to scan the past, and wait
  The sound of my own funeral knell."

One! How the hours have slipped away!
Two! Some will weep with sore regret;
Three! Could I still on earth delay —
Four! Some good I might accomplish yet.
Five! An angelic song awoke!
Six! Surely are the fetters riven.
Seven! Soon I shall hear the final stroke —
Eight! Chime sweetly with the clock of heaven!
Nine! I am nearer to my goal!
Ten! Time must eternity begin!
Eleven! Awake, immortal soul!
Twelve! Farewell and let the New Year in!

"I come the Old Year's debt to pay!
  I come his promises to keep;

To walk upon the world's highway,
  And deck the grave where dear ones sleep.
Where he gave smiles I may give tears,
  Life's path with good or ill bestrew;
For unto him who views the years
  The new is old, the old is new!"

Of all sounds of bells the most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve-month; All I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time, I begin to know its worth as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed:
"I saw the skirts of the departing year."

CHARLES LAMB.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
  And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
  For the Old Year lies a-dying.

TENNYSON, *The Death of the Old Year.*

I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly.
And the Old Year is dead.
TENNYSON, *A Dream of Fair Women*

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness — charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!
ALFRED DOMETT, *A Christmas Hymn.*

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.
MILTON, *In the Morning of Christ's Nativity.*

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.
Old Carol.

Come, oh come! with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise!
. . . . . .
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon exalted higher,
And you, stars, augment the choir!
GEORGE WITHER, *Praise.*

The bell aye tolls for departing souls
Of those whom I have slain;
The ceaseless knell to rue doth tell
Each minute of my reign.
Their bodies left, of life bereft,
Would cumber hill and plain.
J. V. HUNTINGTON, *The Song of the Old Year.*

Chapter XIII

SHAKESPEARE'S BELLS

Lady Capulet—Come, stir, stir, stir; the second
cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung; 'tis
three o'clock,
Look to the bak'd meats, good
Angelica;
Spare not for cost.
Romeo and Juliet. Act IV, Scene 4.

Capulet—All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges
change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried
corse,
And all things change them to the
contrary.
Romeo and Juliet. Act IV, Scene 5.

Capulet—O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.
Romeo and Juliet. Act V, Scene 3.

Iago — Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell.
Othello. Act I, Scene 1.

Iago —Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens.
Othello. Act II, Scene 1.

Herald — All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven.
Othello. Act II, Scene 2.

Iago —Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo ho!

Othello —Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle
From her propriety.
Othello. Act II, Scene 3.

Lucius —As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Titus Andronicus. Act V, Scene 3.

Bernardo —Last night of all
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made its course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself.
The bell then beating one.
Hamlet. Act I, Scene 1.

Ophelia—Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
Hamlet. Act III, Scene 1.

First Priest —Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Hamlet. Act V, Scene 1.

Clown — The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, one, two three.
Duke — You can fool no more money out of me at this throw.
Twelfth Night. Act V, Scene 1.

Macbeth —Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
Macbeth. Act II, Scene 1.

Macbeth —I go and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
Macbeth. Act II, Scene 2.

Macduff —Ring the alarum-bell; Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! Awake!
Macbeth. Act II, Scene 2.

Orlando —If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
As You Like It. Act II, Scene 7.

Duke Senior—True it is that we have seen better days.
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church.
As You Like It. Act II, Scene 7.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,— Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.
Merchant of Venice. Act III, Scene 2.

Ariel — Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! I now hear them — ding, dong, bell
Tempest. Act I, Scene 2.

Ariel — When the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie.
Tempest. Act V, Scene 1.

Theseus —My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind.

. . . . . .

Slow in pursuit but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable

Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd
with horn.
Midsummer Night's Dream. Act IV, Scene 1.

Don Pedro — He hath a heart as sound as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his
heart thinks his tongue speaks.
Much Ado About Nothing. Act III, Scene 2.

Benedick — If a man do not erect in this age his
own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer
in monument than the bell rings and the
widow weeps.
Much Ado About Nothing. Act V, Scene 2.

Dromio —The clock hath strucken twelve upon the
bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
Comedy of Errors. Act I, Scene 1.

Dromio — No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were
gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the
clock strikes one.
Comedy of Errors. Act IV, Scene 3.

Falstaff—The Windsor bell hath struck twelve;
the minute draws on.
Merry Wives of Windsor. Act V, Scene 5

English Herald —Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach.
King John. Act II, Scene 2.

The Bastard—Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
King John. Act III, Scene 3.

King John — If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night;
. . . . . .
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
King John. Act III, Scene 3.

King Richard—Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell.
King Richard II. Act V, Scene 5.

Northumberland —Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news

Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.
King Henry IV. Part II, Act I, Scene 1.

Prince John—My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text.
King Henry IV. Part II, Act IV, Scene 2.

King Henry — What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned.
King Henry IV. Part II, Act IV, Scene 4.

Reignier — Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make
bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open
streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath
given us.
King Henry VI. Part I, Act I, Scene 6.

French General —Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum
a warning bell
Sings heavy music to thy tim-
orous soul.
And mine shall ring thy dire
departure out.
King Henry VI, Part I, Act IV, Scene 2.

York — And in the end being rescued, I have seen
him
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
King Henry VI. Part II, Act III, Scene 1.

York — Ring, bells, aloud, burn, bonfires, clear and
bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
King Henry VI. Part II, Act V, Scene 1.

Warwick — Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shakes his bells.
King Henry VI, Part III, Act I, Scene 1.

Father—Far from my heart thine image n'er shall go,
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell
King Henry VI, Part III, Act II, Scene 5.

Surrey— I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
King Henry VIII. Act III, Scene 2.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Sonnet LXXI.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell.
The Passionate Pilgrim.

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.
The Rape of Lucrece.

For sorrow like a heavy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with its own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
The Rape of Lucrece.

And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.
Venus and Adonis.

Chapter XIV

MEMORY'S BELLS

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT).

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee —
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a chime in,

Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine.
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling,
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.

O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
Where on a tower and kiosk, O,
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me;
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

THOSE EVENING BELLS*

THOMAS MOORE

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

*Those bells were at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, England.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

BROUGH BELLS

ROBERT SOUTHEY

One day to Helbeck I had strolled,
Among the Crossfell Hills,
And, resting in the rocky grove,
Sat listening to the rills,—

The while to their sweet undersong
The birds sang blithe around,
And the soft west wind awoke the wood
To an intermitting sound.

Louder or fainter, as it rose
Or died away, was borne
The harmony of merry bells,
From Brough that pleasant noon.

"Why are the merry bells of Brough,
My friend, so few?" said I;
"They disappoint the expectant ear,
Which they should gratify.

"One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four;
'Tis still one, two, three, four;
Mellow and silvery are the tones;
But I wish the bells were more."

"What are thou critical?" quoth he;
"Eschew that heart's disease
That seeketh for displeasure when
The intent hath been to please.

"By those four bells there hangs a tale,
Which being told — I guess
Will make thee hear their scanty peal
With proper thankfulness.

"Not by the Cliffords were they given,
Nor by the Tufton's line;
Thou hearest in that peal the crune
Of old John Brunskill's kine.

"On Stanmore's side, one summer eve,
John Brunskill sate to see
His herds in yonder Borrodale
Come winding up the lea.

"Behind them, on the lowland's verge,
In the evening light serene,
Brough's silent tower,— then newly built
By Blenkinsop — was seen.

"Slowly they came in long array,
With loitering pace at will;
At times a low from them is heard,
Far off, for all was still.

"The hills returned that lonely sound
Upon the tranquil air;
The only sound it was, which then
Awoke the echoes there.

" 'Thou hear'st that lordly bull of mine,
Neighbor?' quoth Brunskill then;
'How loudly to the hills he crunes,
That crune to him again!

" 'Think'st thou if yon whole herd at once
Their voices should combine,
Were they at Brough, that we might not
Hear plainly from this upland spot
That cruning of the kine?'

" 'That were a crune indeed,' replied
His comrade, 'which, I ween,
Might at the spital well be heard,
And in all the dales between.

"'Up Mallerstang to Eden's springs,
The eastern wind upon its wings
The mighty voice would bear;
And Appleby would hear the sound,
Methinks, when skies are fair.'

"'Then shall the herd,' John Brunskill cried,
'From yon dumb steeple crune;
And thou and I, on this hillside,
Will listen to their tune.'

"So, while the merry bells of Brough
For many an age ring on,
John Brunskill will remembered be,
When he is dead and gone,—

"As one who in his latter years,
Contented with enough,
Gave freely what he well could spare
To buy the Bells of Brough.

"Thus it hath proved; three hundred years
Since then have passed away,
And Brunskill's is a living name
Among us to this day."

"More pleasure," I replied, "shall I
From this time forth partake,
When I remember Helbeek woods,
For old John Brunskill's sake.

"He knew how wholesome it would be,
Among these wild, wide fells,
And upland vales to catch at times,
The sound of Christian bells;—

"What feelings and what impulses
Their cadence might convey
To herdsman or to shepherd boy,
Whiling in indolent employ
The solitary day:—

"That, when his brethren were convened
To meet for social prayer,
We, too, admonished by the call,
In spirit might be there;—

"Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
Upon the winds of Heaven,
Was sent to speak a Nation's joy,
For some great blessing given,—

"When such exultant peals were borne
Upon the mountain air,
The sound should stir his blood, and give
An English impulse there.

"Such thoughts were in the old man's mind,
When he that eve looked down
From Stanmore's side on Borrodale,
And on the distant town.

"And had I store of wealth, methinks,
Another herd of kine,
John Brunskill, I would freely give,
That they might crune with thine."

SONG OF THE BELL*

From Longfellow's Hyperion

Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily
Tellest thou at evening
Bedtime draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully;
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

*By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

WILLIAM COWPER

Toll for the brave —
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds
And she was over set —
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone —
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES*

H. W. Longfellow

In the market place of Bruges stands the belfry
old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it
watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty
tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the
weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with
streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and
vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimney
here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, van-
ished ghostlike in the air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early
morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient
tower.

*By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed shadowy phantoms filled my brain,
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

All the Foresters of Flanders,— mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old,
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep laden argosies,
Ministers from twenty nations, more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound.

And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers told,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote,
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat.

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and
dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in
the land."

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The
awakened city's roar,
Chased the phantoms I had summoned, back into
their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes, and before
I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-
illumined square.

The bells and chimes of motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from gray and ivied tower
A thousand years have toll'd.

Those bells that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time!
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper and at prime,

At bridal and at burial
For cottager and king.
Those bells and glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring!

I think upon that happy time,
That time so fondly lov'd,
When last we heard the sweet bells chime,
As thro' the fields we rov'd.
GEORGE LINLEY.

But oh! the gray church tower,
And the sound of Sabbath Bell,
And the sheltered garden bower,
We have bid them all farewell.
MRS. HEMANS.

Like softened airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began to peal.
TENNYSON, *The Two Voices.*

A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

Chapter XV

AMERICAN BELLS

In the early days of the New England settlements the congregations were called to church either by the beating of a drum, the raising of a flag, or the blowing of a tin horn or a conch shell, for bells were conspicuous by their absence, and no person was permitted to live out of sight and hearing more than half a mile from the meeting house.

At Hingham, where it was a question of buying a bell, the Puritan voted:

"A church bell is a contrivance of priests, not suitable for our meeting houses. We will continue the use of the drum."

In 1759 South Hadley, in Massachusetts, voted to have a sign for meeting on the Sabbath, and a large conch shell was procured, and for the faithful blowing thereof the town meeting ordered that the sum of three pounds should be paid yearly.

The following lines were written in Dorchester in 1719:

"Well, that night I slept till near prayer time,
Next morning I wondered to hear no bells chime,
At which I did ask, and the reason I found,
'Twas because they had ne'er a bell in town."

Later, when a bell came, it was hung on a pine tree, till a place could be prepared to receive it. The bell was placed on the center of the roof and the rope hung down in the broad aisle where the ringer stationed himself. He remonstrated, when, besides the nine o'clock bell every night he was required to toll the day of the month.

One of the by-laws read: "Constables are to take up loose people who do not heed the ringing of the nine o'clock bell."

The antique chapel bell at Yale College was described as about as good a bell as a fur cap with a sheep's tail for a clapper.

St. Michael's Church in Charleston, South Carolina, was built in 1761. The British took possession of its bells during the revolutionary war, and sent them to England; but after the close of the war they were returned.

While General Sherman was an unwelcome guest there during the Civil War, when the bells were about a century old, two of them were stolen, and the rest rendered useless. Later the bells which remained were recast in England by the original makers on exactly the same patterns,

and replaced in 1867. In 1886 there was a great earthquake, and belfry and bells were terribly shaken but escaped unharmed.

The famous Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, cast in 1752, bore the prophetic motto, "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof"; and a quarter of a century later it rang out the news of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by Congress then sitting in that Hall. After the lapse of nearly another century its tones might have echoed around the world announcing Universal Emancipation to the slave, but the old bell had gone out of commission.

BUTLER'S BELLS

In 1863 General Beauregard, of the Confederate Army, issued a call to the patriotic South to contribute bells—bells of all sorts and kinds, church bells, school bells, plantation bells—to be cast into cannon for the use of the army and navy, particularly ordnance for the iron-clad Merrimac 2d.

To this call there was a general response. Bells galore were sent to New Orleans from all parts of the Confederacy.

A tender was made and accepted of all the

church bells of Marietta, Georgia, signed ex-officio by the ministers of four churches. The weight of their bells was 1,623 pounds.

A Mississippi planter had no brass bell, but his wife patriotically offered her large brass preserving kettle. To this, the children objected, one little girl crying, "Oh, papa! what shall we do for preserves?" The planter jokingly replied, "Why, daughter, our first duty is to preserve our country."

Is it any wonder if this child harbored a life-long hatred of the Yankees, for was not the cherished kettle seized by "Beast Butler," shipped to Boston and sold for the benefit of the very soldiers they had sacrificed their preserves to shoot? Poetical justice this, or horrible cruelty, which? Truly, patriotism and loyalty depend on the point of view. It is the old story of the two sides of the shield over again, or to use a more modern comparison, it is like those slat signs, which read sometimes one way, sometimes another, thus:

Ivory soap,
It floats,
99 44-100 pure.

Loyalists or Tories — Patriots or Rebels, as the case may be.

For the Southerners it was a sad and a morti-

fying spectacle when General Butler, having captured their city and established his supremacy, discovered by means of that lawyer-like brain of his that all this plunder, equally with the negroes, was "contraband of war," and shipped it North to his beloved, but their abhorred, town of Boston, to be sold by the United States government.

Here is a copy of his invoice:

"Ship North America from New Orleans to Boston with 800 bells, say 200 tuns, from cow-bells, plantation bells, steamboat bells, to heavy church bells, contributed on call from General Beauregard for material for brass cannon. Value $50,000."

This prize cargo of bells was sold in Boston at from 22 to 31 cents per pound and netted $30,000.

The bells were purchased, some for melting, but the majority for use.

The school bell in the town of Warwick, near Winchester, in Massachusetts, was presented to the town and still calls children to school instead of slaves to work, though perhaps some of the pupils fail to see any great difference between its present and former use.

Another bell was given by a guest to the proprietor of the Appledore House, Isle of Shoals, Maine, and was hung up to summon guests to the dining-room.

Nearly all these bells have been lost sight of, and their present abiding place is unknown, which is a pity, as they are really historical relics of interest. A Southern novelist might write a pathetic tale about them.

Some modern church bells have excellent mottoes; for instance:
"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

"Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary."

"To music! noble and divine,
Ring forth, ye bells, a merry chime."

In the steeple of Christ Church, the oldest church edifice in Boston, we may hear the sweet chimes whose echoes follow the homesick Boston boy the world over, like the Swiss Ranz des Vaches.

The chapel, last of sublimary things
That shocks our echoes with the name of kings,
Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,
Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,
Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,
Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang.

HOLMES.

INDEPENDENCE BELL

There was tumult in the city,
  In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
  Pacing restless up and down.
People gathering at corners,
  While they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
  With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
  Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
  So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
  Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
  Was all turbulent with sound.

Will they do it? Dare they do it?
  Who is speaking? What's the news?
What of Adams? What of Sherman?
  Oh, God grant they won't refuse!
Make some way there! Let me nearer!
  I am stifling! Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
  We've no time to think of men!

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child,
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled,
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now behold the soul of Freedom
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,

Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly, gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty rose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living — ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly, "Independence,"
Which, please God, shall never die!

THE BELFRY PIGEON

N. P. Willis

On the cross beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet.
And I often watch him as he springs,

Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And often I stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the horn, or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well,
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with nine at night,
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer.
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast;
Then drops again with filméd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;

And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street,
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar;
Or, at a half felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop forgetful to thy nest.
I would that in such wings of gold,
I could my weary head upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving, as I am unloved),
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with other's sadness,
And never glad with other's gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

THE BELLS OF BROOKLINE

ANDREW DOWNING

On wings of lightning the message came
To Brookline town, and it spread like flame
That April morning; for two by two,
Over the village the children flew,
And set the bells in the belfries tall
Rocking and swinging and ringing all;
And all the people, with one accord,

Halted, and hearkened and praised the Lord,
As, speeding over the hills and dells,
The glad sound went of the Brookline bells.

And other bells, in the hamlets near,
Clamored and echoed the music clear;
And cities heard, and a wide land knew
The import well of the strange ado.
It meant that down where the armies lay
At Appomattox, that famous day,
The veteran leaders, Grant and Lee,
Had parleyed under the apple tree,
And signed the treaty that ushered in
Repose and safety where strife had been.

The clang and clamor — the sounds that rolled
From the vibrant bells of Brookline told
The march was ended, the vigil done,
The last shot sped from the smoking gun;
That the grim long lines of blue and gray,
Like ghostly armies would melt away,
And never again embattled stand
In civil conflict in all the land;
And the starry flag alone should be
The nation's emblem from sea to sea.

Like a dream wrath fades and disappears,
The cloud that darkened the battle years;

Idle and useless, the bay'nets rust;
The cannon are silent and covered with dust;
The short torn banners in sleep are furled,
And Peace, like a zodiac, belts the world!
But long will the glad remembrance stay
Of all that happened that April day —
While song rehearses, and history tells,
How the children rang the Brookline bells.

LAUS DEO!*

J. G. Whittier

[On hearing the bells rung on the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, December 18, 1865.]

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of eternity and time!

*By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Let us kneel!
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! Who are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He hath triumphed gloriously.

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

THE LAY OF THE BELL

ANONYMOUS — *Harvard Advocate, 1867*

For may years in this high place,
'Mid wind and rain I've hung,
And gained renown for eloquence
By holding fast my tongue.
But now my yoke of servitude
Is growing hard to wear;
Although my yoke, I doubt not, has
A greater weight to bear.

I serve a very cruel man,
Who rings me from below;
From him I cannot wring a tear
Of pity for my woe.
He comes to me when first he wakes
And turns me upside down.
Then swings me round so very hard
I fear he'll crack my crown.

Although 'tis hard to suffer so
I like to see my power;
For all the world comes trooping forth
When I proclaim the hour.
When first I ring at early morn.
'Tis true that no one cares;

But when I call the second time,
They all rush out to prayers.

O ye who, when the weather's cold,
Can hardly see the fun
Of getting up while still 'tis dark,
To take a little run.
Pray pity my hard lot, and think
How very cold you'd feel
If 'stead of dressing when you rose,
You had to rise and peal.

My duty is to tell the hour;
And, though I'm brassy bold,
I never dare to speak aloud
Unless I first am tolled.
Each hour I call the trembling souls
To what they so much dread,
And mournfully bewail the fate
Of those already dead.

I've heard that wicked men sometimes
Were broken on the wheel;
And though I am not broken yet,
I know just how they feel.
I cannot see what I have done
That they have tied me fast;
So, patiently, I'll wait the time
When I shall ring my last.

Chapter XVI

THE MOSCOW BELL

Russia is famous for having the greatest bells in the world. The largest of all is at Moscow, and is called the Czar Kolohol, or the King of Bells. It is 21 feet high, 63 feet in circumference, 23 feet in diameter, 2 feet in thickness, and it is estimated to weigh nearly 200 tons, or approximately 500,000 pounds. It was cast in 1733, by order of the Empress Anne, but it has never been rung, for, to the great disappointment of the Russian people, it was broken in casting in the pit near St. Ivan's Church, in the tower of which it was expected to be hung. In moulding, casting, and precautions for shrinkage, the bell-founders lacked the necessary experience, and it is evident the bell broke by shrinkage. Such a bell would require at least a month to cool but this one was not allowed a week. It is also said that water fell on it, so that a piece of about eleven tons was broken off. The bell lay in the pit a hundred years, reverenced by the natives, who were jealous of its being touched or measured by foreigners. In 1836 the Czar Nicholas had it raised with much difficulty and expense. The first engineers were unsuccessful in their efforts,

and were sent to work in the mines of Siberia as a punishment for their failure. The board of admiralty finally succeeded in the Herculean task of placing it on the ground where it now stands, and where it is used as a chapel.

Much silver and gold entered into its composition, with the idea of improving its tone, which, with the other metals, probably amount to $332,000, all uncirculating and dead money. If the bell could ever have been rung, its excellent proportions indicate a fine quality of sound, and if it could be recast it would doubtless be a great success.

Chapter XVII

ROLLICKING BELLS

UPON CHRIST CHURCH BELLS, OXFORD

DEAN HENRY ALDRICH

Oh the bonny Christ Church bells!
One! two! three! four! five! six!
They sound so woundy great, so wondrous sweet
And they toll so merrily! merrily!
O the First and Second Bell,
That every day at four and ten cry
Come, come, come, come to prayers!
And the verger troops before the dean,
Tinkle, tinkle! ting! goes the small bell
At nine, to call the Beerers home;
But the devil a man will leave his can,
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

I am a friar of orders gray,
And down in the valleys I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip —
Good store of venison fills my scrip;
My long bead roll I merrily chant;
Where'er I walk no money I want;

And why I'm so plump the reason I tell —
Who lives a good life, is sure to live well.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper, of heaven I dream,
But that is a pullet and clouted cream;
Myself by denial I mortify —
With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
I'm clothed in *sack cloth* for my sin —
With old *sack wine* I'm lined within;
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the *vesper bell* is my bowl, *ding, dong.*
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half as well as a holy friar.

J. O'KEEFE.

Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the bells of London town.

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day;

. . . . . .

Ring ye the bells to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all your woods may answer, and your echoes ring.

EDMUND SPENCER, *Epithalion.*

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade.

MILTON, *L'allegro.*

Good Queen Anne's birthday,
All bells ringing gay.

God bless the Queen! ring sweet, ye bells!
Swell forth Old England's joy afar;
She's crowned, the exulting cannon tells;
The Queen! God bless the Queen! Hurrah!

CHARLES SWAIN, *Coronation Song.*

Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!

TENNYSON, *A Welcome to Alexandra, 1863.*

This is Will Somers, jester to Henry VIII; see the bells at the belt.

On this bell is inscribed in raised letters Robert Earl of Leicester, at Penhurst, 1649, and it has doubtless summoned guests to many a hilarious banquet in the great hall. That very hall where Queen Elizabeth not long before had "disported herself, dancing high and disposedly" as was her wont when her dancing chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton, led the brawls. On one of her visits to Penhurst, she refurnished her sleeping apartment, as she did not consider it good enough for her. An agreeable guest she must have been.

Chapter XVIII

THE BELLMAN

THE BELLMAN IN LONDON

Civilization made its slowest progress in guarding and lighting the tortuous and dangerous streets. Almost down to the last century the watchman was a feeble old man who "Disturbed your rest to tell you what's o'clock," and showed his lantern to warn thieves of his approach that they might depart in peace, and like Dogberry he might thank God he was rid of a knave.

Lighting the streets devolved on householders, who were ordered to hang out a lantern nightly with a whole lighted candle for the accommodation of foot passengers from Allhallows evening to Candlemas Day. The bellman went his rounds all night with a bell in his hand, and at "every land's end and ward's end gave warning of fire and candle, and help the poor, and pray for the dead."

Thomas Law, Bellman, 1666, distributed this address:

No sooner hath St. Andrew crowned November,
But Boreas from the North rings cold December,
And I have often heard a many say,

He brings the winter month Newcastle way;
For comfort here of poor distressed souls,
Would he had with him brought a fleet of coals.

During the quarrel between Queen Mary II of England and her sister, afterwards Queen Anne, this verse was written, also this parody on Queen Mary's orders in council:

The Bellman of Piccadilly's Verses to the Princess Anne:

"Welcome, great princess, to this lowly place,
Where injured royalty must hide its face;
Your praise, each day, by every man is sung,
And in the night by me shall here be rung."

The queen's orders are as follows: "Ye are to take a messenger and to find out the dwelling house of the Bellman of Piccadilly, and when you meet with him, search his fur cap, his night cap, and above all his bell, and whatever verses you find upon him you are to bring to me. Ye are to charge him on pain of forfeiture of his employment that he do not sing such verses about the streets. Ye are to charge him to take care of thieves and robbers, but to waive that part of his duty to the princess, for since her guards are taken off, she is neither to be regarded by day, or guarded by night."

Mr. Isaac Ragg, the Bellman of Holborn, 1683, has burst into song and bequeathed us his portrait:

Time, Master, calls your bellman to his task,
To see your doors and windows are all fast,
And that no villany or foul crime be done
To your or yours in absence of the sun.
If any base lurker I do meet,
In private alley or in open street,

You shall have warning by my timely call,
And so God bless you and give rest to all.

The poet Herrick gives his blessing in the same style:

From noise of scare fires rest ye free,
From murders benedicitie;
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night,
Mercie secure ye all, and keep
The goblin from ye while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock and almost two,
My masters, all good day to you.

LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

The town crier has rung his bell and little Annie stands on her father's doorsteps, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about. . . . Little Annie shall take a ramble with me. . . . Lo! the town crier again, with some new secret for the public ear. Will he tell us of an auction, or of a lost pocketbook, or a show of beautiful wax figures, or of some monstrous beast more horrible than any in the caravan? I guess the latter. See how he uplifts the bell in his right hand and shakes it slowly at first, then

with a hurried motion, till the clapper seems to strike both sides at once, and the sounds are scattered forth in quick succession far and near.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

Now he raises his clear, loud voice, above all the din of the town; it drowns the buzzing talk of many tongues, and draws each man's mind from his own business; it rolls up and down the echoing street and ascends to the hushed chamber of the sick, and penetrates downward to the cellar kitchen, where the hot cook turns from the fire to listen. Who, of all that address the public ear, whether in church or court-house, or hall of state, has such an attentive audience as the town crier? What saith the people's orator?

"Strayed from her home, a little girl, of five years old, in a blue silk frock and white pantaletts, with brown curling hair and hazel eyes. Whoever will bring her back to her afflicted mother ——"

Stop, stop, town crier! The lost is found. Oh, my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town crier to bellow up and down the streets, affrighting old and young, for the loss of a little girl who has not once let go my hand. Well, let us hasten homeward.

HAWTHORNE, *Twice-Told Tales.*

Nantucket was one of the last places to abrogate the antique office of Town Crier. According to Henry S. Myer, in "Picturesque and Historic Nantucket," Billy Clark made his announcements in a voice as cracked as his bell, somewhat in the following style of eloquence:

"Gr-r-h-and Co-h-once-hert to-ni-h-night.

"Don't forget my birthday, November Seventeenth — anything but neckties. Big murder in Chicago. Awful news in the papers to-day. Another severe murder in New York. Vessel loaded with watermelons at straight wharf The surf at Wawwinet ——" etc.

Chapter XIX

THE ANGELUS

FRANCES L. MACE

Ring soft across the dying day
Angelus!
Across the amber-tinted bay,
The meadow flushed with sunset ray,
Ring out, and float, and melt away.
Angelus!

The day of toil seems long ago
Angelus!
While through the deepening vesper glow,
Far up where holy lilies blow,
Thy beckoning bell notes rise and flow,
Angelus!

Through dazzling curtains of the west
Angelus—
We see a shine in roses dressed,
And lifted high in vision blest,
Our very heart throb is confessed,
Angelus!

Oh, has an angel touched the bell,
Angelus!
For now upon the parting swell
All sorrow seems to sing farewell,
There falls a peace no words can tell,
Angelus!

Chapter XX

THE CURFEW BELL

The hated curfew bell was first rung in England in Winchester Cathedral. Curfew is from the French couvre-feu (cover fire), and it was William the Conqueror's order that all fires and lights must be extinguished by eight o'clock in the evening.

COUVRE FEU

A CHARADE

The stars are out, my whole has ceased,
And silence reigns in earth and sky.
Save for my first, that yelping beast,
My second hate him more than I.

WILLIAM BELLAMY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

THE SONG OF THE CURFEW

FELICIA HEMANS

Hark! from the dim church tower,
The deep, slow curfew's chime!
A heavy sound unto hall and bower,
In England's olden time!
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came.
From the fields of his toil at night,
And who might not see his own hearth's flame
In his children's eyes make light.

Sadly and sternly heard
As it quenched the wood fire's glow,
Which had cheered the board, with the mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow
Until that sullen, booming knell
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit fell,
With a weight and with a chain.

Wo, for the wanderer then
In the wild deer's forests far!
No cottage lamp to the haunts of men
Might guide him as a star.
And wo for him, whose wakeful soul,
With lone aspiring filled,
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,
While the sounds of earth were stilled.

And yet a deeper wo,
For the watchers by the bed,
Where the fondly loved, in pain lay low,
And rest forsook the head.
For the mother, doomed unseen to keep
By the dying babe her place,
And to feel its flitting pulse, and weep
Yet not behold its face.

Darkness, in chieftain's hall!
Darkness in peasant's cot!
While Freedom under that shadowy pall,
Sat mourning o'er her lot.
Oh! the fireside's peace we well may prize,
For blood hath flowed like rain,
Poured forth to make sweet sanctuaries
Of England's homes again!

Heap the yule fagots high,
Till the red light fills the room!

It is home's own hour, when the stormy sky
Grows thick with evening gloom.
Gather ye round the holy hearth,
And by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
With thought of the olden days.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT"

ROSE THORPE

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops
far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one
sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and
maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny
floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with
lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing
to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls
dark, damp, and cold,

"I've a lover in that prison doomed this very night
to die;
At the ringing of the curfew — and no earthly
help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips
grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word
pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly
poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that
gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the
twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and
right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew, it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and
white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn
vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a
tear or sigh,

"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood
must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes
grew large and bright,
In an undertone she murmured,
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung
within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft
he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with
eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell
swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell
no ray of light,
Up and up — her white lips saying,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder o'er her hangs
the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway
down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the
hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes
with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck
of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as
the bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bellrope, old and deaf,
heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young
Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with
trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the
maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred
years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave
deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of
setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires
with head so white,

Long should tell the little children,
"Curfew did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees
him and her brow,
Full of hope and gladness, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all
bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with
sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye
with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

CURFEW*

H. W. Longfellow

I

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;

*By special permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Toil comes with the morning
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

II

The book is completed,
And closed like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker
  The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
  Reign over all.

Chapter XXI

ALL SORTS OF BELLS

The Dinner Bell —

The all softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul — the dinner bell.

BYRON, *Don Juan.*

The Herd Bell

Oh but to hear the heard bell sound,
When shepherds lead the way
Up the high Alps, and children bound
And not a lamb will stay.

MRS. HEMANS, *Swiss Homesickness.*

The Punch Bell

Conductor, when you receive a fare
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS

Punch, brothers, punch, punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

MARK TWAIN.

The Pancake Bell.— Shrove Tuesday (the day before the beginning of Lent) was formerly a day in England for confessing sins, the penitent being shriven or shrove. When Shrove Tuesday dawned the bells were set a-ringing and everybody was in good humor and gave himself up to amusement. There was devouring of pancakes as if some profoundly religious principle were involved in it. The pancake bell was to ring at eleven o'clock, but by the connivance of the sexton it was often two hours earlier. Before being eaten the pancakes were tossed in the air by the company with various results, which on the whole must have been appetizing.

The Bread and Cheese Bell.— Nightly at Jesus College, Oxford, the bread and cheese bell is rung.

The Rollingpin Bell.— When house bells were unknown the company were sometimes summoned to dinner by the cook knocking on the dresser with her rollingpin.

The Cat's Bell.—The mice being much annoyed by the persecutions of a cat it was resolved in full conclave that a bell should be hung about her neck to give due warning of her approach. The measure was unanimously adopted, when one of the eager mice, after considerable time given to

profound reflection, inquired, "But who will bell the cat?" This question dissolved the meeting, and all the mice scampered back to their holes. Since that memorable occasion that query has often been propounded by mortal men when confronted by a difficult enterprise. It was once boldly answered by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, who exclaimed, in a voice of thunder: "I will!" and thus gained the sobriquet of Bell-the-Cat.

The Cow Bell.— The children say the cow rings the bell on her neck when dinner is ready for the calf.

Fire Bells —

When backward rung I tell of fire,
Think how the world shall thus expire.

At Sherburne, England, there is a bell addressed conjointly to heaven and man:

Lord, quench the flame, arise, run, help put out the same.

NOTE.—This inscription reminds one of the lady, who, while giving an account of her presence of mind in a runaway, was interrupted by a pious auditor, who asked, "Why did you not put your trust in Providence?" "I did," she replied, "until the breechin' broke, then I thought it was time there was something done."

The Fog Bell —

"O father! I hear the church bells ring;
I say, what may it be?"
" 'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast";
And he steered for the open sea.

LONGFELLOW, *The Wreck of the Hesperus.*

HAWK'S BELLS. ACTUAL SIZE.

Hawking Bells.—In hawking, a small strap was fastened with rings of leather passed around each leg of the hawk just above the talon, and each of them had a little bell attached. In the flight of hawks it was so arranged that the different bells varied in tone in order that a concert of gay music might be produced.

Neither the king nor he that loves him best,
Dare stir a wing if Warwick shakes his bells.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI, Act I, Scene* 1.

King James I in Hawking Costume

Mrs. Gilpin's Bell —

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

COWPER.

Door Bells.— When door bells were unknown Greek and Roman visitors kicked or pounded on the door, to announce themselves. In Horace's Ode to Spring a literal translation would read: "Pale Death strikes with equal foot at the hovels of the poor and the palaces of kings."

Sheep Bells.—

When the quiet colored end of evening smiles,

. . . . . .

On the solitary pasture the sheep half asleep,
Tinkle homeward through the twilight.

BROWNING.

The Bell Bird.— It is generally supposed that the forests of Brazil abound with birds, but nothing can be more still and solitary. The silence is appalling, undisturbed by the sight or voice of any living thing, except among the highest trees a singular sound is heard. It resembles the clinking of metal or the distant tolling of a church bell. This is the note of the Bell Bird.

A Cup Bell.— We had a fine dinner and good learned company, many doctors of physic, and we were used with extraordinary respect. Among other observables we drank the king's health out of a gilt cup given by King Henry VIII to the company, with bells hanging to it, which every man is to ring by shaking after he hath drunk up the whole cup.

Pepy's Diary, 1663.

Horse's Bells.— The ancient Greeks and Romans hung small bells called tintinnabula around their horse's necks for ornament.

Jockey and his horse were by their masters sent,
They are to run and cannot miss the bell.

North's Forest of Varieties.

Here lyes the man whose horse did gaine
The bell on Salisbury Plain.

Camden, *An Old Epitaph.*

A BELLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

In a dramatic pastoral, entitled *Rhodon and Iris*, first acted at Norwich in 1631, we find the following list of the dress, ornaments, and toilet requisites of a fashionable belle of the period:

Chains, coronets, pendants, bracelets, and earrings;
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroideries, and rings;

Shadows, rebatoes, ribbands, ruffs, cuffs, falls,
Scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls,
Thin tiffanies, cobweb lawn and farthingales,
Sweet falls, veils, wimples, glasses, crisping pins,
Pots of ointment, combs, with poking sticks, and bodkins,
Coifs, gorgets, fringes, rolls, fillets, and hair laces,
Silks, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold,
Of tissues, with colours of a hundred fold.
But in her tires so new-fangled is she,
That which doth with her humour now agree,
To-morrow she dislikes. Now doth she swear
That a loose body is the neatest wear;
But, ere an hour be gone, she will protest,
A strait gown graces her proportion best;
Now calls she for a boisterous farthingale,
Then to her haunch she'll have her garments fall;
Now doth she praise a sleeve that's long and wide,
Yet by and by that fashion doth deride;
Sometimes she applauds a pavement-sweeping train,
And presently dispraiseth it again;
Now she commends a shallow band so small,
That it may seem scarce any band at all;
But soon to a new fancy she doth reel,
And calls for one as big as a coach-wheel.
She'll wear a flowing coronet to-day,
The symbol of her beauty's sad decay;

To-morrow, she waving plume will try,
The emblem of all female levity,
Now in her hat, now in her hair is drest;
Now, of all fashions, she thinks change the best,
Nor in her weeds alone is she so nice,
But rich perfumes she buys at any price;
Storax and spikenard, she burns in her chamber,
And daubs with civet, musk, and amber.

. . . . . .

Waters she hath to make her face to shine;
Confections, eke, to clarify her skin;
Lip salve and cloths of a rich scarlet dye
She hath, which to her cheeks she doth apply;
Ointment, wherewith she sprinkles o'er her face,
And lustrifies her beauty's dying grace.

Bible Bells.— And thou shall make the robe of the ephod all of blue and upon the hem of it, thou shalt make pomegranates of blue and of purple and of scarlet round about the hem thereof and bells of gold between them round about. A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about.

Exodus xxviii, 31, 33, 34

The title of a volume of poems, "Bells and Pomegranates," by Browning, is derived from these verses:

Sleigh Bells.—

Jingle bells! jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

The Bell Buoy.— A bell which is frequently placed on a buoy is of great service at night or in foggy weather. The motion of the buoy as it is tossed about by the waves causing the bell to ring.

Flower Bells.—

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a *cowslip bell* I lie;
There I couch where owls do cry.
SHAKESPEARE, *Ariel's Song, Tempest.*

Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the *foxglove's bell,*
On the long fern leaves by the sparkling well.
MRS. HEMANS, *The Adopted Child.*

Where the cowslip, bending
With its *golden bells,*
Of each glad hour's ending,
With a sweet chime tells.
L. E. LANDON, *The Shepherd Boy.*

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson *colen bell*,
And turned him round in act to go.
J. R. DRAKE, *The Culprit Fay*.

Dustman's Bells—

THE NEW YORK DUSTMAN'S BELLS

Of all comical sounds in heaven or earth,
A combination of sadness and mirth,
There's nothing to my imagining tells
More wonderful tales than the dustman's bells.
As wrangling, jangling, to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.

Witches and goblins fill the air;
Oaths and curses mingle with prayer;
From gutter to eaves, and very house tops
Such queer looking people I fancy may pop,
As wrangling, jangling, to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.

The ghosts of old Dutchmen long hidden appear
With their "donder und blitzen," "Mein Gott,"
and "mynheer,"
And mid the strange bluster and jostle and jam,
Our Gotham is lost in New Amsterdam;

As wrangling, jangling, to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.

From among these old rags and fragments so
packed,
From many a garret and cellar ransacked,
Are bits of old garments a century old,
That marvellous bits of history unfold;
As wrangling, jangling to and fro,
These bells are heard wherever you go.

. . . . . .

Ring on! ring on! ye quaint old bells,
And rouse each house with your constant knells,
But rarely, I fancy, shall rhymer like me
Find in your rude notes such varied minstrelsy,
As wranging, jangling, to and fro,
Your notes are heard wherever we go.

DANIEL RICKETSON.

(*Used by permission of his children.*)

The Gong Bell.— An oriental instrument in the form of a round, shallow dish is called a gong bell. When struck by a stick with a padded head it produces a sound which can be heard a long distance. It is used by the Chinese in their temples, and in western countries as a call to meals in hotels, steamboats, etc.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL

Years, years ago, ere yet my dreams
  Had been of being wise or witty,
Ere I had done with writing themes
  Or yawned o'er this infernal "Chitty,"
Years, years ago, while all my joys,
  Were in my fowling piece and filly,
In short, while I was yet a boy
  I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at a country ball
  There where the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet, in that old hall,
  Of hands across and down the middle;
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
  Of all that sets young hearts romancing.
She was our queen, our rose, our star,
  And when she danced, oh heaven, her dancing.

She talked of politics or prayers,
  Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets.
Of battles, or the last new bonnets,
By candle light, at twelve o'clock,
  To me it mattered not a little,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
  I might have thought she murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal,
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday *Journal.*
My mother laughed, I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling.
My father frowned, but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents
And mortgages, and great relations
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents
Oh what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched the vale; the wood, the beach
Grew lovelier at her pencil's shading.

She botanized, I envied each
  Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel; it was grand,
  She made the Catalini jealous;
She touched the organ, I could stand
  For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
  Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies and Rome;
  Patterns for trimming Persian stones;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo;
  Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Le Boo,
  And recipes for elder water.

And she was flattered, worshiped, bored,
  Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
  Her sayings were extremely quoted,
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
  As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned and every look was sad.
  As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun —
  I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one,
  Her heart had thought of for a minute

I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase that was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How neatly all her notes were folded.

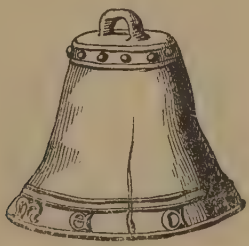
Our loves were like most other loves —
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir;
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair;
The usual vows, and then we parted.

We parted, months and years rolled by,
We met again some summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh!
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter!
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not a ballroom belle,
But only Mistress — something — Rogers!

MACKWORTH PRAED.

An anecdote anent this poet's name seems to be in order here. A young lady of Boston culture was showing her library to her unsophisticated country cousin and asked, "Do you not adore

Browning?" "Yes, but I cannot understand a word of it." Shocked to the very core of her cultured mind, the hostess sought to change the subject, and thinking that vers de société might be more within the scope of un-Browningized comprehension, she asked, "Have you Praed?" and received the unexpected reply, "I have, but it didn't do any good."



Canterbury Bells.— The pilgrims who had visited the shrine of Thomas a Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, made haste to decorate themselves and their horses with the Canterbury bells. These signs of peculiar holiness were worn sometimes on the breast, sometimes on the hat of the pilgrim and were cherished as a charm against evil of all kinds, especially accidents on their homeward journey. The bells were inscribed Cam-

pana Thome, and have been found embedded in the mud of the river Thames.

Sobriquet Bells.— The pen names of the three Bronté sisters, Currer Bell, Ellis Bell, Acton Bell may be called sobriquet bells.

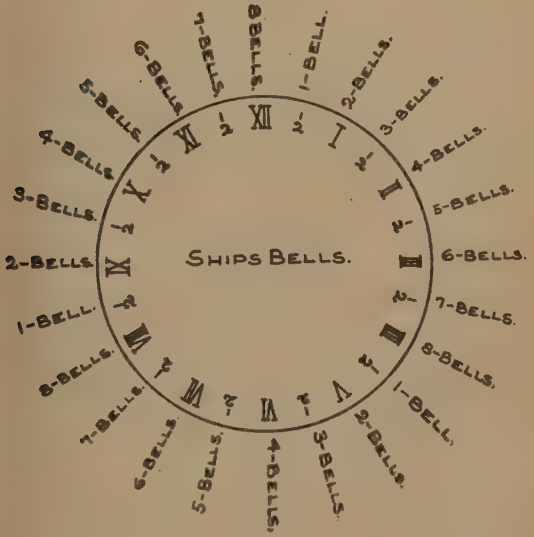
The Wether's Bell.—

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal
My wether's bell rings doleful knell.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Passionate Pilgrim.*

Hand bells and whistles were the only signals used in a house two centuries ago. Walpole possessed a pair of very curious silver owls seated on perches formed into whistles, which were blown when servants were wanted. At the celebrated sale at Strawberry Hill these owls brought prices considerably above their weight in gold.

Ship's Bells.— The time of day is denoted at sea by bells as it is on land by clocks, with a difference. All the numbers up to eight are rung six times in twenty-four hours, instead of twice.

To some people, especially to womenkind, this system is mysterious, but not so mysterious that it cannot be made plain by means of a diagram.



This outline is a copy of the cap and bells formerly used as a watermark on fool's cap paper, a grotesque pointed head dress with bells at every corner being the insignia of the professional jester.

Southey says "The reason why I do not wear a cap and bells is this: that I am certainly not singular in playing the fool without them."

Bell Bearer.—An insect of Brazil, which has on its throat four appendages in the shape of bells.

Air Bell—A bubble formed by gas in a photographic plate.

Belles Lettres.— Will anyone deny this book a place in Belles Lettres?

The Prompter's Bell.—

The play is done, the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.

THACKERAY, *The End of the Play.*

DEC 1 1915

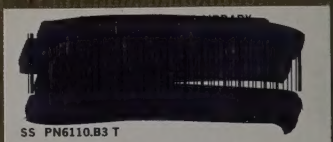
THREE WEEKS BOOK

1-1/95

2/98

PN 6110
B3T 328625

St. Paul Public Library



SS PN6110.B3 T

Taber, Mary Jane Howland, Mrs.,
Bells; an anthology, by Mary J.

Saint
Paul
Public
Library